

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hath will suffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.

Exeunt.
Bast. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to stop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the care,
With that same purpose-changer, that slye diuel,
That Broker, that still breake the pate of faith,
That daily breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, young men, maids,
Who hauing no external thing to loose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is peyted well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This sway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a resolu'd and honourable warre,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palmes,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no sin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
False blood to false blood ioy'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blanche*, and *Blanche* those Prouinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoken, misheard,
Be well aduic'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man.
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sicke, and capable of feares.

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, subject to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but iest
With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eie that lamentable riew?
Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds,
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them false,
That giue you cause to proue my saying true.
Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleeue, and life encounter so,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewis marry *Blanche*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most vgly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?
Con. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beseech you Madam be content.
Con. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and slanderous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleasing blot, and sightlesse stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioy'd to make thee great.
Of Natures gifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourly with thine Vnckle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soueraigntie,
And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that vsurping *John*,
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Euenum him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-bear.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to be proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoop,
To me and to the state of my great greefe,
Let kings assemble: for my greefe's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and sorrowes sit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

France. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in France shall be kept festiuall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stays in his course, and plays the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The mesger cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall neuer see it, but a holy day.

Con. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deseru'd? what hath it done,
That in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, periury.
Or if it must stand still, let wiues with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, let it selfe to hollow falsehood change.

France. By heaven Lady, you shall haue no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Con. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride,
Prooues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies blood,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.
Con. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloody spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou euer strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that dost neuer fight
But when her humourous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art periur'd too,
And foorth'ft vp greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,
Hast thou not spokelike thunder on my side?
Beene sworn my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength;
And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes?

Phil. O that a man should speake those words to me.
Phil. And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.
Aust. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang
John. We like

France. Heere co
Pan. Haile you

To thee King *John*
I Pandulph, of faire

And from Pope *In*
Doe in his name re

Why thou against
So wilfully dost sp

Keepe *Stephen Law*
Of *Canterbury* fro

This in our forefai
Pope *Innocent*, I de

John. What ear
Can tast the free b

Thou canst not (C
So slight, vnwor

To charge me to a
Tell him this tale,

Add thus much m
Shall tyche or toll

But as we, vnder h
So vnder him that

Where we doe rei
Without th' assista

So tell the Pope, a
To him and his vs

France. Brother o
John. Though

Are led so grossly
Dreading the curse

And by the merit o
Purchase corrupted

Who in that sale f
Though you, and a

This iugling witch
Yet I alone, alone

Against the Pope,
Against the Pope,

Pand. Then by
Thou shalt stand c

And blessed shall h
From his Allega

And meritorious f
Canonized and w

That takes away b
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull
That I haue room

Good Father Card
To my keene cur

There is no toague
Pan. There's L

Con. And for m
Let it be lawfull,

Law cannot giue n
For he that holds h

Therefore since L
How can the Law

Pand. *Philip* o
Let goe the hand o

And raise the pow
Vnlesse he doe sub

Elea. Look'th
Con. Looko to